

not open the door without awakening him. Clinging to the wall, I moved carefully along the corridor toward another entrance.

The corridor was deserted, but the assistant surgeon was sitting on a chair in front of the other entrance door, his head hanging, asleep. As I passed him and had the doorknob in my hand, he suddenly jumped up. Too drunk to recognize me, he hugged me and began to explain that he never slept when on duty. He could have been silenced by simply pushing him away, but I did not have strength to raise my hand. Then, without any visible reason, he became excited and began to shout, a chair fell, and before I could break away from him the guard stood before me, a pistol in his hand. Clinging to the wall, I retreated to my bed. The guard seemed bewildered. Then he suddenly realized what had happened and rushed into the ward with his pistol ready, bellowing.

"Shut up!" I shouted, "or tomorrow I'll report that you were drunk and almost let a prisoner escape." The guard was frightened and meekly begged me not to ruin him and his family.

The next morning I was taken back to the Castle and assigned to the hospital. I was not penalized for my attempt to escape. The assistant surgeon who had stopped me reported that I had walked in the night during delirium—a rather common occurrence in the typhus barracks.

A PLAN THAT FAILED

Pavel obtained permission to see me in the hospital and told me what had happened in the prison during my absence. He had tried to simulate typhus but gave up Duvin's medicine. Next Chardash tried, with the same result. Then the plan was dropped. Pavel felt that I had missed my chance by waiting for him. As if paying his debt to me, he invited me to join in another bold plan. The Anarchists were planning a mass breakout through a breach in the wall. They were gathering their forces in the city. Pavel had been slated to escape through the barracks in order to run operations outside the prison.

"A wagon with dynamite will be thrown against the wall," Pavel whispered in my ear. "Our men with hand grenades will cover the approaches to the Castle. We shall have enough dynamite to blow up the locks, enough pistols to overpower the guards, to open all the cells. . . ." The pipeline to deliver dynamite and pistols into the prison was established. For a hundred rubles per package, the assistant surgeon, Pushkin, was to smuggle in munitions. Would I act as middleman between him and the Anarchists?